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SAVAGE TETON PEAKS GUARD JACKSON HOLE—Wyoming Outlaws Once Met Where Dude Ranchers Now Revel in Scenic Grandeur. Above, State Capitol Surveys Cheyenne

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHERS WILLARD R. CULVER AND B. ANTHONY STEWART (ABOVE)

territory too. After a heap of gun-slinging, folks settled down to live peaceable. Why, nowadays our cattle are fatter than ever and we raise more sheep than any other state—except Texas, of course. And the farmers grow crops on irrigated and dry-farming areas.

They say Mormon emigrants used to grease their axles with oil they scooped up from the ground, here in Wyoming. Might be true, judging from our oil wells today. We've got natural gas, too, and iron ore, and maybe 600 billion tons of coal lying underground. As for this here uranium, the government opened more than 45,000 acres to prospectors last fall.

Cities? Wa-a-l, no. Cheyenne's our capital with about 35,000 people. Not much to you easterners, I guess, but there's only some 290,000 in the state. We rank 47th in

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER B. ANTHONY STEWART

RALPH GRAY, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF

YELLOWSTONE AWES SIGHT-SEERS

Lower Falls and Gorge Highlight a Huge Park Area Where Bears (left) Roam Free

population, eighth in square miles.

What you'll like most out here is mountain scenery—in the Bighorns, or at Medicine Bow, or near Wind River Range. Your eyes will bug when you see Yellowstone National Park, filling the state's northwest corner and spilling over a mite into Idaho and Montana. I reckon when you reach Jackson Hole and watch moose feeding beside the lake with the Tetons looming overhead, you'll settle down in Wyoming, too.

See you, pardner. Got to round up a stray. Git up, crowbait.

National Geographic References: ***Map***—Northwestern U. S. (paper 50¢)
Magazine—June, '48, "Cloud Gardens in the Tetons" (75¢); Aug., '45, "Grass Makes Wyoming Fat" ($1)

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER B. ANTHONY STEWART

Home in Wyoming

What's that, stranger? You want to know about Wyoming? Well, sir, right above there is the spread where I work. That Hereford cattle ranch may convince you that Daniel Webster was a mighty poor prophet when he allowed this Wyoming country wasn't "worth a cent."

'Course that was before gold-rush days. No one had gotten this far into the Rockies except a few trappers. Then forty-niners came, their wagons creaking over the Oregon Trail, past Fort Laramie and Fort Bridger. They didn't stop to settle. "California or Bust" was their sentiments. They steered away from the Grand Tetons seeming to block the horizon, never noticing our buffalo and elk were fat from good grass.

In 1864 a government trader found out about our grassland. He got caught in a blizzard and had to turn loose cattle he was driving. Never expected to see them again. But in the spring there they were, fat as lard and twice as sassy after munching our grass. Word spread to Texas. Pretty soon up came the big Texas herds, cowpokes hollerin' and singin':

"Whoopee ti-yi-yay git along little dogie
You know that Wyoming will be your new home . . ."

Soon sheepmen and farmers—"nesters," they called them—came to the

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W. ROBERT MOORE, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF

GUAMANIAN FAMILY DRIES CORN—Their Carabao Browses Beside a Farm Cart While Bright Pacific Sun Saves Corn from Mildew. Later It Will be Ground for Food

along behind carts pulled by carabaos, their beasts of burden. In native villages, stilts support small frame buildings with high verandas.

Tall, graceful coconut palms and broad-leaved banana plants line glistening white beaches. On sparkling green mountain slopes leading to Guam's smooth plateau, breadfruit, ironwood, and rubber trees blend with splashes of brilliant red bougainvillea and multicolored hibiscus.

Because defense works cover most arable land in the island's northern half, Guam imports many essential foods. Its few exports—exceeded by imports by about four to one—include copra and coconut oil. Farmers produce corn, sweet potatoes, taro, and cassava.

More than half a century ago, the United States Navy took over civil and military control of Guam from Spain. On December 12, 1941, five days after the attack on Pearl Harbor, Japanese forces seized the tiny island—their first capture of an American possession. United States troops recaptured it two and a half years later and made it advanced headquarters of the Pacific Fleet. Seabees transformed marshy Apra Harbor into a navy yard. Long concrete airstrips slashed its surface.

Today, defense remains Guam's big business.

National Geographic References: ***Map***—Pacific Ocean (paper 50¢, fabric $1)
Magazine—Oct., '53, "Our Navy in the Far East" (75¢)
July, '48, "Pacific Wards of Uncle Sam" (75¢)

UMI

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER J. BAYLOR ROBERTS

Guam, Mid-Pacific Suburbia

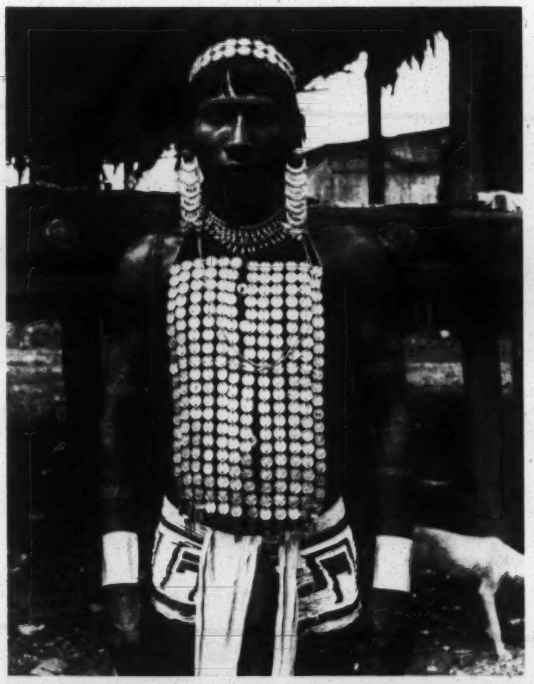
The neatly spaced, identical buildings lining curved, paved streets (above) recall dozens of suburban housing developments all over the United States. But this particular "Levittown" lies 5,850 miles southwest of San Francisco—a tiny American spot in the vastness of the Pacific. It is a naval supply depot on the little peanut-shaped island of Guam. The buildings are typhoon-proof concrete barracks. With Quonset warehouses, busy stores, theaters, service stations, they make up a unique mid-Pacific "boom town."

Reason: Guam now ranks as the nation's chief Pacific base for the howling jet bombers of General Curtis E. LeMay's Strategic Air Command. Only Pearl Harbor, the Navy's historic Hawaiian station, concentrates more military might in this ocean area.

United States strategic bombers formerly used Okinawa as their jumping-off place. But to a jet plane, Okinawa is only 30 minutes from the Asian mainland. Guam, 1,780 miles from the nearest spot on the China coast, would get more warning in case of attack.

Rimmed with coral reefs, Guam is the largest and southernmost island of the Marianas group—31 miles long and varying in width from four to eight miles to make its total area about a sixth of Rhode Island's. In mid-1950 Congress granted self-government and United States citizenship to the islanders. They live mostly in the southern half of the island.

Along trails and footpaths, visitors often see Guamanians trudging



Friendly and courteous, Chocó families work together to raise crops, hunt, keep house, and teach manners to frisky children. Men take pains with adornment, painting mouths and jaws red, purple, or black, brushing sleek bangs, weighting ears with silver ornaments. Since Spaniards looted them, these Indians have never again worn gold. But they wear their personal wealth—in American dimes—on headbands or in a glittering array stitched to their vests, as on the wealthy young man at the left.

Some Chocós now spend banana profits on outboards for their dugouts. Most, like the couple below, still rely on the paddle.

All dressed up, handsome Chocós sit beside fruit cargo. Girl's orchids are "home-grown"

UMI

Glimpsing Panama's Remote Chocó Indians

Illustrated by National Geographic Photographer Richard H. Stewart

Far up the mysterious Sambú River of Darién, on the South American end of the Isthmus of Panama, little-known Chocó Indians have lived in jungle seclusion since Spaniards plundered their villages in the 16th century. Recently, banana trading has begun to crack Chocó isolation. In slim dugouts, Indians venture down river to Sábelo (above) where banana launches await cargoes.

A National Geographic Society-Smithsonian expedition to Panama was among the last to see the Chocó still relatively unspoiled by civilization. On riverbank clearings, medicine men place patients in a frond-rimmed "ark" (right) to effect a cure.

This youngster rests quietly on slabs of painted balsa wood while his jungle "pediatrician," squatting on a magic stool, chants and gestures with carved charms.

After treatment, the child will return to his large thatched home, raised on stilts in a jungle clearing.

land toward the spatter of large and small islands that make up Indonesia. Names with the lilt of popular songs mark the map of this ancient land. Hereditary sultans reign over the states of Johore, Pahang, Selangor, Kedah, Kelantan, Perak, and Trengganu. Perlis has a Raja, and Negri Sembilan's monarch boasts the title *Yang di-Pertuan Besar*. Malacca and Penang were governed with Singapore—a Crown Colony known as Straits Settlements—until 1946.

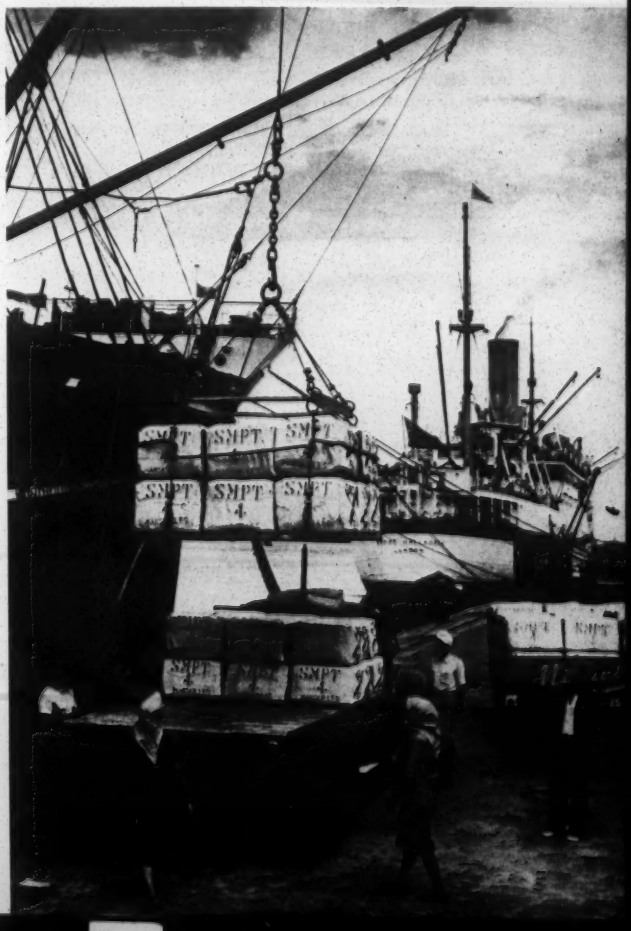
With its southern tip extending to within 100 miles of the Equator, Malaya is a varied land of modern cities and primitive thatchroof villages. Of roughly 6,000,000 people, about half are brown-skinned Malays, with nearly as many of Chinese blood. Some half a million Indians have settled down along the peninsula, and there is a sprinkling of Eurasians and Europeans.

Most of the latter manage plantations and mines, act as British Advisers, and fill other government posts.

In Kuala Lumpur, city of some 200,000 and capital of the Federation, modern shops, apartments, theaters, and hotels contrast with Moslem mosques, Hindu temples, and ornate buildings dating from the British heyday of Victoria's reign. Tin mines and rubber plantations encroach on the city's outskirts. In near-by jungles police track down communist-inspired terrorists and intern them in camps where a little education turns many of them into loyal citizens.

As in Kenya and other former colonies, the nagging danger of terrorist raids is bringing about a great change in the natives' way of life. It is speeding up the normal transformation from hazardous existence in remote valleys to secure village life of the 20th century.

RUBBER CARGO SWINGS ABOARD AT SINGAPORE
Malaya's Plantations, Covering Some 3,360,000 Acres, Supply about a Third of the World's Natural Rubber



WASHDAY IN SINGAPORE—Drying Laundry Flaps Like Bunting above Hoc Lam Street. British Govern the City, But Its Inhabitants Are Predominantly Chinese

Malaya Sets Stage for Freedom

Photographs by National Geographic Photographer J. Baylor Roberts

Along Malaya's winding country roads rubber trees drip latex for the tires of motorists all over the world. In lush green valleys clanking dredges gouge up tin-rich mud. The southeast Asian land supplies a third of the world's natural rubber, more than a third of its tin. These riches place Malaya at the top of Britain's treasure list of colonial possessions.

Will this wealth, left to local development, finance an independent life for the colony—pay for its defense, its education, and all the countless services for which a colony looks to the mother country?

The Malayans think so. The agreement which their Chief Minister, Tengku (Prince) Abdul Rahman, recently arranged with the British government opens the way for self-government for the Federation of Malaya by August, 1957, "if possible."

By coincidence which would seem too pat in fiction, it was an ancestor of Tengku Rahman who, in 1789, signed over to the British the Malay state of Penang. By the new agreement, the Federation, a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, will include all Malaya except Singapore, which also expects independence next year.

Like the tuft on a lion's tail, Malaya trails down from the Asian main-

Though Singapore is a natural outlet for Malay Peninsula, the city and its island are not part of the proposed commonwealth country. Smaller than Florida, Malaya holds more than twice the people. It includes the nine states of the old Malayan federation, plus Penang and Malacca which formerly teamed with Singapore to form the Straits Settlements. Siam adjoins Malaya to the north, connecting it with the rest of Asia.

National Geographic References: *Map*—Southeast Asia (paper 50¢, fabric $1)
Magazine—Feb., '53, "Malaya Meets Its Emergency" (75¢)

Trained *Berok* Monkeys, Guided by Rope, Pick Coconuts for Smiling Masters in Johore

UMI

KUALA LUMPUR'S MOSQUELIKE BUILDINGS, Now Housing Departments of Malaya's Government, May Become Headquarters for the New Commonwealth's Administration

Terrorists drive isolated farm dwellers into protected villages. Taking down their thatchroof huts and setting them up in safe locations selected by the government, thousands of farmers form new villages or increase the population of existing ones. The government pays expenses of moving and supplies police protection in new homes. For the first time nearly half a million citizens are learning advantages of markets, schools, hospitals, community centers.

But village life does not erase all color and glamor from Malaya. Monkeys continue to help with the harvest. The *berok*, a trained coconut picker, travels around on the handlebars of its master's bicycle (below), looking for jobs. It scurries up tall, slim tree trunks and, guided by a leash, twists off coconuts while hanging onto the tree by its feet, upside down. Its wage may be a drink of soda pop. Elephants still harass the planter by uprooting an occasional rubber tree.

Although many villages and plantation settlements have movie theaters, this modern entertainment has not replaced the native shadow plays performed by leather puppets. Coconut drums and the thunderous boom of *rabana* drums (hollowed tree-trunk sections with heads of buffalo hide) hold their own against the radio's blast. Mobile mills are driven about to grind the farmers' rice, but in many areas barefoot women still trample out the harvest.

A Coffeehouse for

Dr. Johnson

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER KATHLEEN REVIS

Critically eavesdropping on the conversations of tourists and journalists, Dr. Samuel Johnson looks down from his portrait in London's famed coffeehouse, the Cheshire Cheese. Britain's blunt, untidy, but always stimulating master of letters frequently visited this old inn off Fleet Street, stamping ground of generations of British newsmen.

Near by, at 17 Gough Square, stands the tall, red-brick house where Dr. Johnson spent the 11 years from 1748 to 1759. There he experienced poverty and comparative prosperity, conversed happily with devoted friends, lost his beloved wife, "dear Tetty."

In a roomy attic of his house, Johnson compiled his *Dictionary of the English Language*, commissioned by a group of booksellers. He chose the place to be near his printer in the Fleet Street area. Not new at the time, it has been reduced to a sorry state by two further centuries of wear and tear. After Johnson left, the house became "lodgings to respectable gentlemen," then a small hotel. A printing house later occupied it.

In 1912 Cecil (later Baron) Harmsworth bought it and gave it to the government, with a small maintenance fund, as a Johnson museum. World War II bombs badly damaged the famous attic. After repairs, it was reopened in 1948. Johnson's admirers from many lands find intimate reminders of him in books, portraits, and articles he used, including an ivory-headed Malacca cane he carried on his strolls about the city. "When a man is tired of London," he once wrote, "he is tired of life."

Another of his sayings revealed his love of conviviality. "There is nothing which has been contributed by man by which so much happiness is produced" as by a good inn. Were the doctor alive today he would be spared even a short walk to the Cheshire Cheese to attain this happiness. A coffee room is being opened in the basement of his own house to help pay for its upkeep.

National Geographic Magazine—Sept., '55, "Landmarks of Literary England" (75¢; 55¢ when ordered by schools or libraries)